

## The Daily Press.



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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1907.

## "TO THE SHIPYARD."

Is Newport News on the map as far as the electric system of railroads, which in part, bears the name of this city, is concerned? Evidently not, if the signs on their Old Point cars are any evidence. Look as you may with all your might, but nary a sign do you see with the words Newport News. "To the Shipyards" is all right for a resident of Newport News or a person who is acquainted with the city, but how about the stranger?

The trolley cars that run between this city and Old Point are more than mystifying to the stranger who lands at the Old Point wharf and who desires to come to Newport News. They look for the name of the city which they desire to reach, but nowhere is it to be seen. Any employee about the wharf at Old Point will tell you that dozens of people daily ask where they can secure the trolley car to this city that the railroad and steamship folders tell about and when guided to the proper car will make remarks about their not wanting to go to the shipyard.

Whether the Newport News & Old Point Railway Company cars have "Shipyards" or Newport News on them is not a matter of vital importance, but still it strikes us that it would be much better if the cars bore the name of the city instead of its chief industry. The glass signs that adorn the cars are not horribly expensive affairs and it seems to us that it would not be a bad move if the railway company placed guides on their Old Point cars that would tell something definite to the stranger.

## THE SAILING OF THE FLEET.

The sailing of the big fleet from Hampton Roads was a magnificent sight, but it was not the majesty of the ships as they passed out into the ocean between the Virginia Capes that was the most impressive thing. The sight of the most formidable fleet of fighting craft ever assembled under the American flag leaving the shores of Virginia was of course inspiring, and made the pulse and blood of every person possessed of a normal amount of patriotism and national pride to beat the faster, and make you glad that you belonged to the country which could send a fleet of such proportions half around the world, but deeper than all the eye beheld there was what the heart felt, and what the brain thought.

As the ships weighed anchor, steamed slowly by Fort Monroe across the lower Chesapeake and out into the ocean on which they will float for so many days, the thought could not help but arise to the mind of what does the future hold? Such thoughts created the question "when shall we see the fleet again?" It was the uncertainty and doubt in which the future of the fleet is enveloped that made its sailing so impressive, and so full of pathos. What the future contains

for it nobody knows. Perhaps within a year's time it will again be peacefully resting on the waters of Hampton Roads and perhaps a twelve month will find it in the waters of the Orient. At the present time there is no prospect of war that would engage the attention of the fleet in the waters of the Pacific, but the future is full of mysterious and unfathomable ways.

It is the uncertainty of the future that has brought sadness to so many hearts and it is these same thoughts that made every sightseer possessed of a feeling of more than usual solemnity than if it had been a practice cruise of the same length of time, the ending of which was a certainty.

But whether it is a mission of peace or war the fleet will certainly acquit itself to the credit of the great country which it represents.

## PROMOTION OF COMMANDER RANSOM.

His many friends in Newport News received the news that Commander Ransom was soon to become a captain with intense satisfaction, but they all hope that the well deserved promotion will not mean his leaving this city in the immediate future. Captain Ransom, during his residence in Newport News, has won for himself nothing but the highest esteem and confidence with all whom he has come in contact, to say nothing of the personal popularity he has gained.

His record as an officer stands for years of creditable service. He was with Dewey at Manila bay and during that memorable battle acquitted himself as every American naval officer should and almost invariably does—with credit to himself and to his country. His years of service in times of peace have been devoted to the best interests of the navy, and there is no question relative to his ability to make a creditable and efficient captain.

A minister in a New Jersey town by way of illustrating his subject had piled about the pulpit bottles of whiskey, heaps of cigars and cigarettes and stacks of playing cards. The news dispatch failed to relate what became of them.

A couple of handsome young men of Lehigh, Pa., announce that they will spend leap year in Alaska in order to get away from proposals. A girl would indeed be unfortunate who married a man with that amount of conceit.

As long as the government is so busy with the peonage question, why not look into the contracts of the baseball players. They do not have as much say as to where they will be employed as does a laborer.

Thomas W. Lawson announces in all seriousness that he is going to take off his mask. In the estimation of most people he never had one on that needed taking off—it could be seen through too plainly.

Just as a Pittsburg woman was getting on her knees to pray before retiring, she discovered a man under the bed fast asleep. Chances are that the prayer was a screaming petition for worldly help.

If such a thing as the President taking a renomination does happen, there will be no dispute as to who will be entitled to the throne seat in the Annapolis club.

Now that the fleet has departed the main question is whether the big stick of the President or the big gavel of Speaker Cannon will win?

It is of course a trifle early to talk about such things, but maybe those dust covered Democratic rooster cuts can be used next November.

For the next seven days Santa Claus will be Postmaster General of the United States of America.

The army riding tests have already cost the government \$15,000. That does not include the injured feelings of the officers.

How many of the great throng that witnessed the departure of the fleet will ever see a similar sight?

There is one tight lid that Newport News needs—and that is on the scavengers' wagons.

Had Seen It Before.  
"I've never had to do anything of this kind before," said Ardup, in a husky whisper, "but I'd like to know how much you can let me have on this gold-handled umbrella?"  
"On that particular umbrella," answered the pawnbroker. "I have never been in the habit of advancing more than 50 cents."—Chicago Tribune.

## A CASE OF IDENTITY.

(Original.)  
One day during the reign of Louis XIV., king of France, a young man appeared at court and announced himself as Octave, Count de Terrenne, who had been missing for several years. He had been serving with the army in foreign parts and when the war was over did not return with the rest. He was a handsome fellow, very pleasing in manners and speech and had no difficulty in establishing his identity at court. This was sufficient to cause him to be accepted by every one else. He explained his absence by saying that he had been in the military service of the king of England incoognito.

The count was brave, generous and excelled in all manly sports. He cared little for learning, which he had been partial to before his disappearance, but accounted for this on the ground that he had entered the ranks as a common soldier and had campaigned and messed with soldiers so long that it was a wonder he remembered how to act like a gentleman.

Among the ladies of the court was Mlle. Louison de Pomperon, but twenty years of age, who was fond of listening to the adventures of the young count. Indeed, she was so captivated with his person, his courage, his audacity, that she fell desperately in love with him. Her affection was returned, and by permission of the king they were betrothed.

The affection of this young girl seemed to have a depressing effect on the count. At any rate, from the time of his betrothal he was never seen to smile. The gallantry he had shown for other women ceased, and, although many of them were so unprincipled as to try to win him away from his Louison, they made no impression on him whatever.

One day there was a review of troops, at which the king, attended by his court, acted as reviewing officer. Octave and Louison were seated on a balcony at the palace, behind the king. As one of the regiments marched past a soldier in the ranks looked up at the count and, grinning, shouted:

"Hello, Comrade Devereaux!"  
The incident might have passed without any serious results had not Mlle. de Voisen, a woman who had received a trinket she had sent the count from Louison, noticed it and saw in it a means of revenge. Instead of letting it pass she talked about it so incessantly, intimating that here was proof that the count was an impostor, that the king was finally constrained to order an investigation.

Louison was thunderstruck when her lover confessed to her that he was the son of a country gentleman who had enlisted in the army and had risen to a commission. He had served in the same army with the real count and had often been mistaken for him. Then they had become friends, and he had once in battle saved the count's life. They were together when the count was mortally wounded, and the dying man had suggested to his comrade to go to France and claim his estates, furnishing him with documentary evidence that he was what he pretended to be. "And now," continued Octave, "I can no longer be your lover, and I no longer care what becomes of me. I shall confess and go to the gallies."

"No," said Louison, "you shall do no such thing. You have accepted what was offered you, involving a deception for which I forgive you. You have been true to me, and this has created an enemy but for whom the soldier's words might have passed without inquiry. I love you too well to give you up, and if I did not I would not permit you to fall at the hands of that woman. I will take the evidence the count gave you, go to the king and convince him that you are what you represent yourself to be. If I succeed, my fortune is sufficient for us both, and you shall resign your title on the ground that I would not have you hold it under suspicion."

Mlle. de Pomperon took the proofs of her lover's identity with the Count de St. Lucien to the king, who was so well satisfied that he directed that the matter be dropped, but Mlle. de Voisen persisted, and at last the count, or rather, Emile Devereaux, called for an investigation. The man who had hailed him and a dozen others testified that they had served in the ranks with Devereaux and under him after his promotion. They knew that the count had been killed, and some of them had assisted at the burial, but the count had given Devereaux one proof that could not be gainsaid. He had shown Devereaux a red spot on his neck that had been with him from youth and counseled him to have its duplicate tattooed on his own neck. This, with the documentary evidence the count had given him, proved conclusive.

During all this trouble Louison went about apparently with perfect confidence that her lover was what he pretended to be and that he would prove it. He had no sooner been acquitted than she went to the king and told him of the injury Mlle. de Voisen had sought to accomplish and her reason for doing so. The result was that Mlle. de Voisen was banished from the court.

As soon as all this was accomplished Devereaux and Mlle. de Pomperon were married and immediately after retired to her estates, he resigning his title and surrendering the estates he had held to the real count's heirs, his wife giving it out as by her request, since she was too proud to enjoy estates under a suspicion that her husband held them wrongfully.

Devereaux outlived his wife, and after his death a confession was found among his papers.

EMMALINE C. BURKE.

## PROPER CLOTHES FOR MEN

Peysen Says

The approach of the holidays brings with it the same old question—"What shall I give him?" We think we have solved it for you—and suggest all that is newest in

OVERCOATS,  
SUITS,  
HATS,  
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and GLOVES  
Etc.

We will be pleased to have you come and make your purchases and lay them by for you until desired.

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Prof. G. F. THEEL, 527 North 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. "25 Centures ago" only one man was known to suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Migraine, Stomach, Bowel, Liver, Kidney, Bladder, and other ailments. The German Treatment is the only cure for all these ailments. It is a simple, safe, and effective treatment. It is the only treatment that has been known to cure these ailments for centuries. It is the only treatment that has been known to cure these ailments for centuries. It is the only treatment that has been known to cure these ailments for centuries.

## WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS.

The hoarder is the burglar's shining mark.—St. Louis Times.

Automobiles are necessities, but don't let your wife find it out.—Chicago News.

It might be a good thing to cross airships with the homing pigeons.—Cleveland Leader.

A little hint of panic serves to make prosperity the more fully appreciated.—Washington Star.

If a girl thinks her clothes look all right, she can't see the least danger of her taking cold.—Indianapolis News.

The late Prohibition candidate for State Treasurer says he has lost in oil. It doesn't mix with water.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The trouble with New York city on the Sunday closing business seems to be champagne consciousness, with cold tea laws.—Philadelphia North-American.

What is more nauseous than a spoozy telephonic conversation?—Youngstown Telegram.

Boston did not know how sound asleep she was until she waked up.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

New York hates to take its style in lids from the rest of the country.—Indianapolis News.

South America appears big on the map, but "Bo" Evans can get around it.—Chicago News.

Not a bit surprised at the strength of the "no-license" vote in Boston. Every taste any of the Hub's three-star brand.—New York Herald.

Any woman who takes a deep interest in politics may expect to be pronounced insane by a professional atavist.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The South is paying far more attention to the creed of the prohibitionist than to his political ambitions.—Cleveland Leader.

We predict that the time will come when Savannah will have the most precious and most magnificent blind tigers in the South.—Charleston News and Courier.

## Our Ignorance of Venus.

We know very little about the planet Venus. The reason of this is the difficulty of observation. In the first place, since Venus revolves around the sun in an orbit interior to ours the time of its greatest proximity is when it passes between the sun and us. Its illuminated hemisphere is naturally always turned toward the sun. There result phases analogous to those of the moon. The nearer Venus comes to the earth the less we see of its surface. The farther it gets away from us the more we see of its surface, but the planet is reduced to its smallest apparent dimension. A second circumstance not less deplorable for the success of our studies is that Venus is surrounded by an immense atmosphere, twice as dense and much higher than ours. The effect of this is that we never can be sure of anything we see on Venus.

## TRANSPORTATION GUIDE.

## Chesapeake &amp; Ohio Ry.

Fast Trains to Richmond and the West.  
Leave Newport News 10:05 a. m., 5:25 p. m.  
Local Trains to Richmond.  
7:15 a. m., 5:45 p. m.  
Trains arrive Newport News, 10:00 a. m., 10:35 a. m., 5:35 p. m. and 7:20 p. m.  
Steamer Service for Norfolk.  
Leave Newport News 10:40 a. m., 5:40 p. m.

THE NORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT CO.  
The New and Powerful Iron Palace Steamers NEWPORT NEWS, WASHINGTON, NORFOLK AND JAMES-TOWN will leave daily as follows:

Northbound.  
Leave Portsmouth, North street, at 5:00 p. m.  
Leave Norfolk, foot of Water street, at 6:00 p. m.  
Leave Old Point Comfort at 7:00 p. m.  
Arrive Washington at 7:00 a. m.

Penn. R. R. B.&O.R.R.  
Lv. Wash. .... 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m.  
Ar. Phila. .... 11:01 a. m. 11:56 a. m.  
Ar. N. Y. .... 1:15 p. m. 2:00 p. m.

Southbound.  
Lv. New York .... 12:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m.  
Lv. Phila. .... 2:25 p. m. 2:08 p. m.  
Ar. Wash. .... 5:40 p. m. 5:00 p. m.  
Lv. Wash. .... 5:30 p. m. 6:30 p. m.  
Ar. Old Pt. Cmft. 7:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m.  
Ar. Norfolk .... 8:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m.  
Ar. Portsmouth .... 8:30 a. m. 8:30 a. m.

Daily Service.—Steamers leave Old Point every other day (even dates, month of November), at 9 a. m.

For information apply to  
J. N. Smith, Agent, Union Ticket Office, Chamberlain Hotel, Old Point, Va.

P. M. Pritchard, Gen. Agent, Jno. L. Williams, City Pass. Agent, corner Granby and Plume Sts., Norfolk.

## Clyde Steamship Co.

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Every Sun., Tues., Wed. and Fri., 6 o'clock p. m.

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Every Mon., Thurs., and Sat., 6 p. m. For tickets and further information, apply to

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## Newport News--Norfolk Ferry

EFFECTIVE DEC. 1, 07. SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Lv. Norfolk	Lv. Pine Beach	Lv. Shipyard	Lv. Ivy Avenue
6:20 A.M.	6:00 A.M.	6:15 A. M.	6:30 A.M.
7:30	7:00	7:15	7:30
9:00	8:30	8:45	9:00
10:30	9:30	10:15	10:30
12:00 M.	11:00	11:45	12:00 M.
1:30	12:30 P.M.	1:15 P.M.	1:30
3:00	2:00	2:45	3:00
4:30	3:30	4:15	4:30
6:00	5:00	5:45	6:00
7:30	6:30	7:15	7:30
9:00	8:00	8:45	9:00
	9:30	9:45	10:00

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Gen'l Mgr.

WM. R. ALLEN,  
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